

## Meet the Issue.

BY A. PARKE BURGESS, D.D.

MEET it with the sword of truth,  
Meet it with the strength of youth;  
Smite it with the ballot box,  
As the lightning smites the rocks.

Meet the mighty issue now:  
Lay the mighty giant low;  
Match his weapons, face his frown,  
Bring the great Goliath down.

Let the sad days shortened be,  
End the dreadful agony;  
Stay a nation's flowing tears,  
Usher in the happier years.

Meet the issue fair and square,  
Braver be to do and dare;  
Cavaliers, with martyr blood,  
Meet it in the truce of God.

Hasten ye, no longer wait;  
Lo, the foe is at the gate!  
And these hours of dread delay  
Brook disaster and dismay.

Ye who now are young and strong,  
Yours to lead the hosts along;  
Guard the citadel of State,  
Rout the foe, and conquer fate.

Then from city and from town  
Rise and hunt the evil down;  
Whip the rum hoards anyhow,  
Meet the issue—meet it now.

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## Home and School.

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 18, 1889.

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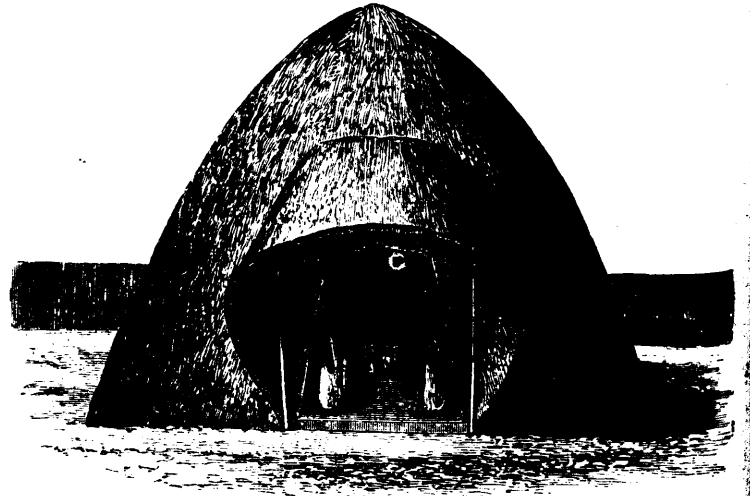
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## "A Sample Room."

WHENEVER I go to church, or up town on a shopping expedition, I pass a corner where a gilded sign hangs over the door, bearing the words, "Sample Room." On the side of the building, near the door, is a large black-and-gold shield, and upon it, again in gold letters, we see "Sample Room." Very often we hear a piano and violin going within, and men singing; and sometimes we see some of the "samples" they make inside, leaning against a tree-box, or staggering along the sidewalk, or even lying in the gutter. Now you know what I mean. They make drunkards inside that corner building, and then turn them out as "samples" of their work.

Not long ago, a young man went into one of these "Sample Rooms" with three hundred dollars in his pocket. He had just sold a horse to a friend, and at his friend's urgency he stepped in to take a glass of beer, in honour of the trade. He had seldom entered such a place; but he went this time, took the one glass of beer, then a glass of whiskey, and stopped to see a game of cards played. Next morning he awoke in jail, and presently found himself in court, sentenced to pay a fine of ten dollars, or to go to jail for ten days. He put his hand in his pocket—not a dime there! Yesterday, three hundred dollars; to-day, not a dime! That was another "sample" of the work done in the corner saloon. He could remember nothing, except that he went in there, and took two drinks—beyond that his memory failed. Having no money, he had to go to jail, and bear the disgrace of having the story known at home, as well as the dreary imprisonment. Had he kept



AUDIENCE HALL OF MTESA'S PALACE.

away from that place, he might have gone gaily home with his money in his pocket. As it was boys, did he gain or lose by going there?

## Parents Gone.

THE time will come when you will have neither father nor mother, and you will go around the place where they used to watch you, and find them gone from the field and from the neighbourhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard, they will not answer. Dead! dead! And then you will take out the white lock of hair that was cut from your mother's brow, just before they buried her; and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think, and think, and wish you had done just as they had wanted you to; and would give the world if you had never thrust a pang through their dear old hearts.

God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name! God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better if he had never been born! Better if, in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid across the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been coffined and sepulchred.

There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave, and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery, rending the hair and wringing the hands, and crying, "Mother! Mother!" Oh, that to-day, by all the memories of the past, and by all the future, you would yield your heart to God. May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever!—*Talmage*.

## A Mission Testimony.

A CARTER, an inveterate and hard drinker, said, "I was never happy unless I had a quart pot stuck under my nose, now I am never happy unless I am either singing or talking about Jesus. If you want to know what change Jesus has done in me and my house, you just ask my missus; why, afore I could never eat aught, never wanted food, or aught of that sort, but now my wife tells me I eat so much that she has to have an extra baking. Why that drink it does none on us any good, only takes away your appetite, robs your children, and damns your soul. I thank God that ever this mission was started; I have been now eleven months a happy and sober man, and I pray God to keep me humble and help me to serve him as well and better than I used to serve the devil." This man speaks well; his wife is converted too. Both are communicants.

"THE fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."